

THE ADVERTISER.

AND CENTRAL ALBERTA NEWS.

VOL. IX.

LACOMBE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907

NO 18

Local and General.

Work on the town drain continues to make good progress. The work is now one-third, or more, done.

Thursday, October 31, has been proclaimed a day of general thanksgiving throughout the Dominion.

The usual Thanksgiving service will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. There will be music appropriate to the occasion.

"We Are King" proved to be one of the best comedy dramas ever played in Lacombe. Mr. Walker has a very strong company and the play was exceedingly well staged.

The song service at the Methodist church last Sunday evening was largely attended and much appreciated. We hope to see other services in this line arranged for future dates.

A meeting of the ladies from the different churches will be held in the Methodist church at 8 p. m. on Tuesday, November 5th, to complete arrangements for the Hospital Bazaar. All ladies interested please attend.

Account Thanksgiving Day, October 31st. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company announce a rate of a fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 29th to 31st, inclusive, good to return until November 2nd.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Conservative organization of the Red Deer federal riding was held in Red Deer last week. It was decided to hold a delegate convention about the middle of December for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the Dominion House.

The Hindman Electric Company has been in trouble this week through the boiler burning out at their power plant. A new one has been procured, however, and the plant is again in running order. The Strathcona Electric Company had the same kind of luck just the day previous.

Three in One.

The best weekly newspaper, a family magazine without an equal and an agricultural paper second to none is what one gets in the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. Three publications in one and each the best of its kind and all for one dollar a year is the explanation of the wonderful success of Canada's greatest newspaper. No home in Canada should be without the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal when it costs only one dollar a year.

Dissolution Notice.

Lacombe, Oct. 1, 1907.
The partnership heretofore known as Cameron & Hay is this day dissolved by mutual consent. D. Hay retiring. All accounts due the said known firm must be paid to D. Cameron, and D. Cameron hereby assumes all responsibilities and liabilities of said known firm. Signed D. CAMERON D. HAY.

Lacombe Furniture Store



Soothing slumber is often induced by the kind of bed you lie upon. The luxury of a perfect bed is undeniable, of course. The physical part of it relates to springs and mattress but the consciousness of elegant surroundings has also a soothing effect. We have just received a car load of elegant beds, some that will tempt you. When are you coming to see them?

COFFIN & KLEIN.

THE GLOBE ATTACKS THE PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE

The Globe comes out this week with what appears to be an inspired attack upon the Public Works Committee of the Town Council. The article contains statements and insinuations that are unfair and inaccurate in the extreme.

In stating that "the committee now discovers that Mr. Waldern cannot supply the tile fast enough" the spirit of ordinary fair play would require a brief explanation of the real reason for this inability on the part of Mr. Waldern.

The fact is that one large shipment of cement proved to be unsuitable for tile making purposes, and this incurred financial loss to Mr. Waldern and delay of the work. It was one of those unforeseen contingencies that are apt to turn up in any public work of magnitude. The Public Works Committee, rather than have the laying of the drain delayed at this critical period of its construction, decided to obtain a car of tile from Edmonton. This action of the Committee certainly meets with the full approval of those most interested in getting this admittedly very necessary piece of public work completed this fall. The Globe seems to be of the opinion that this would have been the time, to have "socked the screws" onto Waldern and thus have further hampered him in his efforts to fulfill his contract. But the Committee, knowing that Mr. Waldern was doing his best to supply tile, believed that their duty as public servants required them to do everything possible to further the work at this time rather than to hamper it. Further than this, the Town Council, without a dissenting vote, passed the resolution providing for the purchase of the car of Edmonton tile.

The Globe gives a purported interview with Councillor Murphy, of the Public Works Committee, in which he is charged with stating that the town has no contract with Mr. Waldern. A representative of The Advertiser has interviewed Mr. Murphy in regard to this and he emphatically denies having made such a statement. The town has a contract with Mr. Waldern, drawn up by Town Solicitor Poole and properly executed.

The Globe's statement that the Public Works Committee had failed to ascertain the probable charges of the engineer is also denied by the Committee. This charge does appear in the estimates, as anyone can see by referring to the engineer's report, on file in the town clerk's office, the Globe to the contrary notwithstanding.

If the Globe quotes him correctly, the contractor makes widely divergent statements as to necessary age of tile. The limit mentioned by the Globe is a full three times longer than that given by the contractor to an Advertiser representative two weeks ago.

The Globe charges that the tile is not being inspected before laying, as required by the council. To our own personal knowledge this is contrary of the facts. A represent-

ative of The Advertiser was present some ten days ago while Mr. Wallace, the inspector, was thoroughly inspecting a lot of tile at the Waldern factory, and saw him reject several lengths of tile and each time noting his reason for rejection. Further than that, in reply to our question we learn that in one day previous to the appearance of the Globe article, out of 725 feet of tile offered by Mr. Waldern 242 feet were rejected by the inspector. The Committee have provided an inspector, and we see no reason to doubt that he is competent, or to question that he is doing his duty.

It seems to be a very popular pastime in certain quarters just now to jump onto the town council for everything they do and also for everything they do not do. To quote an historic remark "They're damned if they do and they're damned if they don't."

The people of this town practically without exception, admit the necessity of this town drain, and we just wish to call their attention to the fact that when this drain is completed it will be accomplished at a lower cost for tile than any other similar work in any town in the west. And yet the chronic kickers charge the Public Works Committee with being unbusinesslike in their conduct of this work!

Come Brother Halpin, drop this chronic promiscuous knocking for a while and join in and help boost. There may be a time and a place for knocking, but when a good committee are doing better work for their town than similar committees are doing in other towns is not the time to knock.

The nicest work done by any two furrow men is that of Messrs Harris Imperial.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

One of the Oldest of Canadian Banks.

Always keeping pace with the rapid development of the Dominion. Every facility extended to FARMERS for the movement of their crops, and assistance given in the development of every line of legitimate business.

Negotiable paper of every description handled upon reasonable terms.

LACOMBE BRANCH: E. K. STRATHY, Manager.

A Newspaper Bargain

The Lacombe Advertiser AND The Family Herald and Weekly Star \$1.75

The Advertiser will furnish you with everything of interest in this local territory. Every home in this district should receive the local paper.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is the acknowledged best family and farm paper in Canada. Its magnificent news service; its numerous special departments; its interesting magazine features; its great serials and popular short stories make it the greatest dollar's worth to be had.

The combination of the Advertiser and The Family Herald and Weekly Star provides the greatest amount of wholesome family reading and reliable news from all parts of the world.

Send your subscription to:

THE ADVERTISER, Lacombe, Alta.

THE LEADING STORE

Warm Weather Now But Winter is Coming

AND YOU WILL NEED GOOD
FURNACE OR HEATING STOVE

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

installed by us is guaranteed to give
satisfaction in every respect.

McClary's Belle Oaks and Famous Oaks

cannot be excelled. We have the
Belle Oak in sizes 12, 14 and 16. Fa-
mous Oak, sizes 140 and 160. Air-
Tights in all sizes.

CAMPBELL & TITSWORTH.

F. P. SWITZER

PHONE 65.

A Few of the

Onions
6 lb for 25
Pears
3 lb for 25
Grapes
15c per lb
Rolled Oats
45c

NEWS for the Farmer

When you come to town to get your Supply of Flour and Groceries for the Winter, you will make a fatal mistake if you do not call and compare our prices with the prices of the other General Stores.

Week's Prices

Figs, 31b 25c
Evap. Apples
2 lb 25
Dates, 10c lb
Oranges
50c doz.
Calgary
Flour, \$9.25

Lacombe Meat Market

Choice beef, pork, sausages and fish.
Telephone orders will receive careful attention.

A. A. Woodle,

NEXT TO ROYAL HOTEL

LACOMBE

Cold Weather Underwear for Women and Children

A leap from summer to winter. That is what is going to happen. So it might be well to make your purchases now while our stock is complete. We have a large variety of all styles and sizes, and we might say, all prices. Give us a call as we are always glad to see you.

MRS. G. G. MOBLEY

THE Lacombes

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,
Author of "The Grail," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

HER necessary formalities of departure were speedily got through. The passing of the corridors, the gaining of the carriage, seemed to Loder to be marvellously simple proceedings. Then, as he sat by Eve's side and again felt the forward movement of the horses, he had leisure for the first time to wonder whether the time that had passed since last he occupied that position had actually been lived through.

Only that night he had been unconsciously compared one incident in his life to a sketch in which the lights and shadows have been obliterated and lost. Now that picture rose before him, startlingly and incredibly intact. He saw the sunlit houses of fantasy, the background by the sunlit hills—now then as plainly as when he himself had sketched them on a canvas. Every detail of the scene remained the same, even to the central figure; only the eye and the hand of the artist had changed.

At this point Eve broke in upon his thoughts. Her first words were curiously coincidental.

"What did you think of Lillian Astrup tonight?" she asked. "Wasn't her gown perfect?"

Loder lifted his head with an almost guilty start. Then he answered straight from his thoughts.

"I didn't notice it," he said, "but her eyes reminded me of a cat's. I never seemed to see it—until tonight."

Eve changed her position. "She was very artistic," she said tentatively. "Don't you think the gold gown was beautiful with her pale complexion?"

Loder felt surprised. He was convinced that Eve disliked the gown, and he was not sufficiently versed in women to understand her praise. "I thought," she began, "that her smile would be the outcome of imagination. But with Eve it was different. She also was graceful and attractive, but it was grace that was the difference. One was beautiful with the beauty of the white rose that springs from the hothouse and withers at the first touch of cold; the other with the beauty of the wild rose on the cliffs above the sea, that keeps its petals firm and transparent in face of salt spray and west wind. Eve too, had her realm, but it was the realm of real things. A great confidence, a feeling that here she was safe, that if all other faiths were shaken, touched him suddenly. For a moment he stood irresolute, watching her mount the stairs with her coat and hat. Then a determination came to him. Fate favored him tonight; he was in luck tonight. He would put his fortune to one more test. He swung across the hall and ran up the stairs.

His face was keen with interest as he reached her side. The hard outlines of his features and the hard grays of his eyes were softened as when he had paused to talk with Lakely. Action was the breath of his life, and his face changed under it as another's might change under the influence of stirring music or good wine.

Eve saw the look and again the uneasy expression of surprise crossed his face. She paused, her hand resting on the banister.

Loder looked at her directly. "Will you come into the study as you came that other night? There's something I want to say." His voice quivered. He felt master of himself and her.

She hesitated, glanced at him and then glanced away.

"Will you come?" he said again. And as he said it his eyes rested on the sweep of her thick eyelashes, the curve of the back of her head.

At last her lashes lifted and the perplexity and doubt in her blue eyes stirred him. Without waiting for her answer, he leaned forward.

"Say yes," he urged. "I don't offer ask for favors."

Still she hesitated. Then her decision was made for her. With a new boldness he touched her arm, drawing her forward gently but decisively toward Chiloote's room.

In the study a fire burned brightly. The desk was laden with papers, the lights were nicely adjusted, even the chairs were in their accustomed places. Loder's senses responded to such suggestion. It seemed but a day since he had seen it last. It was precisely as he had left it—the niche needing but the

To hide his emotion he crossed the door quickly and drew a chair forward. In less than six hours he had run up and down the scale of emotions. He had looked despair in the face till the sudden sight of Chiloote had lifted him to the skies; since then surprise had assailed him in its strongest form; he had known the full meaning of the word "trial," and from every contingency he had come out conqueror. He bent over the chair as he pulled it forward to hide the expression in his eyes.

"Sit down," he said gently. Eve moved toward him, the moved slowly, as if half afraid. Many emotions stirred her—distrust, uncertainty and a curious half dominant, half suppressed feeling that it was difficult to define. Loder remembered her shrinking coldness, her reluctant tolerance on the night of his first coming, and his intuition of her certainty of power, kindled afresh. Never had he been so vehemently himself; never had Chiloote seemed so complete a shadow.

As Eve seated herself he moved forward and leaned over the back of his chair. The impulse that had filled him when he interviewed her, that had guided him as he drove to the reception, was dominant again.

"I tried to say something as we drove to the Brumby house," he began. "Like many men who possess eloquence for an impersonal cause, he was brusque, even blunt in the stating of his own opinion. 'May I have your seat, go on from where I broke off?'"

Eve half turned. Her face was still puzzled and questioning. "Of course," she set forward again, clasping her hands.

He looked thoughtfully at the back of her head, at the slim outline of her shoulders, the glitter of the diamonds about her neck.

"Do you remember the day, three weeks ago, that we talked together in this room—the day a great many things seemed possible?"

This time she did not look round. She kept her gaze upon the speaker. "Do you remember?" he persisted quietly. In his college days men who heard that tone of quiet persistence and his intention to keep her there heard it now for the first time and, without being aware, answered to it.

"On that day you believed in me," he said earnestly. "No longer since I met Chiloote; he spoke with his own hand, and he said, 'May I have your seat, unclasp and clasp her hands, but he went steadily on. "On that day you saw me in a new light. You acknowledged me." He emphasized the slightly peculiar word. "But since that day," his voice quickened—"since that day your feelings have changed, your faith in me has fallen away. He watched her closely, but she made no sign, save to lean still nearer to the speaker. He crossed the arms over the back of her chair. "You were justified," he said suddenly. "I've not been—myself since that day." As he said this, he looked at her with a slight smile. He loathed the necessary lie, yet his egotism clamored for vindication. "All men have their lapses," he said. "There are times when I am not myself. The word 'wolves' touched his tongue, rung upon it, then died away unspoken.

Very quietly, almost without a sound, Eve had risen and turned toward him. She was standing very straight, her face a little pale, the hand that rested on the arm of her chair trembling slightly.

"Don't say that," she said quickly. "Don't say that! Don't say that hideous word 'wolves'! I don't feel that I can bear it tonight—not just tonight. Can you understand?"

Loder stopped back. Without comprehending, he felt suddenly and strangely at a loss. Something in her face struck him silent and perplexed. It seemed that without preparation he had stepped upon dangerous ground.

With an undefined apprehension, he walked toward her. "I can't explain it," she went on with nervous haste, "I can't give any reason, but quite suddenly the faith has grown under a little pale, the hand that rested on the arm of her chair trembling slightly.

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ble. "For more than four years I have known that you take drugs—for more than four years I have acquiesced in your deception, in your masquerade."

There was an instant's silence. Then Loder stepped forward.

"You know—for four years?" he said, very slowly. "For four years?"

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PANELS IN WALL PAPER.

The Newest Methods in House Decorations.

Paneled walls were never considered smarter than now nor more practical for the average class of apartment, for themselves, especially the progressive ones, realize that walls so decorated make a room much more attractive than papers with crumpled or borders and incidentally, that richer effects for less money are possible.

There is another desirable feature to panels that thoughtful women have discovered, and that is the wall paper broken in this fashion a room requires comparatively few pictures, for the panels are decoration in themselves, and if expensive paper is used an entire room on an old painting is really out of place, for there is no background to show it to advantage, and, moreover, it actually detracts from the effectiveness of the panel by breaking the line.

"Panels," says a well known decorator, "are the best of all, and are made from plain paper, but the most attractive methods are worked out by combining a plain background with other paper or even paint."

"To panel walls, the latter are first covered with paper, preferably plain, from the baseboard to the ceiling, and then the panels are laid. These pieces, contrary to the opinion of many, are not sold in shapes ready to cut, but are made to order. They are cut any width or length desired. As a rule, panels are not placed more than twelve inches above the baseboard and extend to within eight or ten inches of the ceiling, thus making of the background a frieze at the top and a dado at the bottom. The distance between panels depends upon the wall space, for they may be either wide or narrow."

"If the panels are either wider or narrower than the width of a roll, which runs from twenty-seven to thirty inches wide, considerable paper is wasted which makes this style of decorating more expensive than the old style, but the panels, if desired, may be made narrow—just the width of the paper or wide enough to take two widths."

"Panels set on backgrounds naturally make a finish to cover the wall where the panels are, and for this purpose bands of paper resembling moldings are used. These bands or binders do not strip, while others may be cut from regulation frieze paper of a design that has stripes suitable for outlining panels. Some border papers have stripes which make this style of decorating more expensive than the old style, but the panels, if desired, may be made narrow—just the width of the paper or wide enough to take two widths."

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The Advertiser.

LACOMBE, ALTA.

The Lacombe Advertiser is published every Thursday morning at its office, Barrett Avenue, Lacombe. Subscription \$1.00 per year in advance.

All kinds of Job Printing turned out in first class style.

F. H. SCHOOLEY, Publisher.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907

Campaign Funds.

The Montreal Star publishes a noteworthy article upon the subject of campaign funds. It emphasizes the facts that elections cannot be conducted without the expenditure of money and that failing contributions from the wealthy friends of the respective parties recourse to subscription from contractors and concession seekers is inevitable. The article is a timely one and should be taken to heart by those who so loudly talk about purity in politics and who so rarely contribute to election expense funds.

In part the Star article is as follows:

"Where does the money come from?

"That is the question which is always asked in connection with a party campaign fund. It is granted on all sides today that parties must have campaign funds. The legitimate costs of even a local election are too heavy a drain for most single purses to bear. Then we should not confine our choice of candidates to men who are rich enough to pay the expenses of a modern campaign in a modern constituency. If we did, we should exclude from public life many of the most unselfish, the most patriotic and the most capable of our public men.

"From this it follows that the parties must each have a campaign fund to finance the contests of candidates who cannot bear heavy legitimate costs themselves. Moreover, there are certain expenses in a general election which are national and not local at all, and which should be met from a central fund. Much general literature is prepared and distributed in this way, and speakers of national reputation are now handled much as the lecture bureaus of other days managed the circuits of their 'stars'.

"Thus campaign funds are inevitable; but it is vitally important whence they come. A political party which is striving for power has something to offer a certain class of men which they eagerly accept as a 'quid pro quo' for large cash subscriptions to the funds of that party. If the party in question should reach power, it can award contracts, it can grant concessions, it can give railway charters, it can distribute tariff favors. The consequence is that many men are willing to 'gamble in futures' by paying down cash subscriptions to the campaign funds of such parties on the promise or with the hope of getting fat contracts or valuable concessions from them when they reach office.

"What, then, is the remedy for this state of affairs? How shall we protect public men of stalwart honesty and sensitive honor from the necessity of trafficking with these leeches on the body politic, on pain of going down to certain defeat at the polls? There is but one way. And that is for the citizens themselves to subscribe

the necessary and legitimate campaign funds. No other pure source for them lies in sight. They must either come from the hands of the briber or from the hands of the citizens.

"We ought, therefore, in this new country to create a sentiment in favor of public subscriptions for the campaign funds of the two great parties. It is a legitimate subscription; and it should rest as a duty upon every man who feels a strong conviction that one or other of the parties should be entrusted with the government of the nation. If he does not go down into his pocket and finance the men who are standing for the principles of government and the national policies in which he believes, he exposes them to the temptation of selling their souls to men without principle, but with a vigorous interest in some promising contract or seductive government favor.

"Of course, this duty does not lie on all citizens with an equal weight. Some men have been given a stewardship over more money than others—a stewardship which compels them to take an especial interest in the good government of the nation wherein their stake lies. Upon men of wealth, this duty presses very heavily; for the prosperity of the country has enabled them to accumulate their wealth, and they can do no less than pay back to the nation some share of this accumulation in such a form as they conceive most likely to augment and continue that prosperity.

"If the day ever comes when the men of independent means in Canada fully realize that their wealth imposes upon them this duty, on patriotic ground, of taking an interest in the affairs of the country, that day will see the emancipation of the parties from a mischievous dependence upon contractors, promoters, charter mongers, land grabbers, and other similar parasitic classes who for many years have been growing rich at the expense of the nation.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier had the courage to say in 1896 that the bane of politics and the gravest menace to the welfare of the state was the influence wielded by government contractors. His sincerity was beyond question; and such testimony must be absolutely convincing. Mr. R. L. Borden served notice during the last campaign upon all and sundry that he would not trade promises for contributions. These men are in a position to know what a vast influence for evil the conditional campaign contribution is; and they are patriotic enough to attempt to keep their hands free from the degrading shackles it imposes.

"But where are they to turn? They must have money to finance their elections or let the contest go by default. The best policy or the most patriotic proposal could not win in these times without 'the sinews of war.' Obviously if the high-minded and public-spirited leaders of our parties are not to be brought to their knees before the sordid traders in public charters and national franchises, they must be supported in a financial sense by the honest men—the men who are seeking no favors from any government—who believe in their cause.

"This is the most crying need

which clamors today for the attention of men of wealth. Every citizen should give what he can; but—as in Great Britain—the bulk of the funds must come from the men who have much to give. Charity suggests that a rich man endow hospitals or distribute alms. Social reform begs him to found libraries or to finance rescue work. Patriotism—and what is nobler than patriotism?—commands that he rescue the public men who represent the national principles in which he believes from the cramping and corrupting necessity of depending upon selfish sources for their legitimate campaign funds."

Fighting Hall Order Competition.

The merchants in a Michigan town joined in the publication of a card containing a small advertisement for each firm, a good deal of local information and the following reasons why people should trade at home:

Because: You examine your purchase and are assured of satisfaction before investing your money.

Because: Your home merchant

is always ready to make right any error or any defective article purchased of him.

Because: When you are sick or for any reason, it is necessary to ask for credit, you can go to the local merchant. Could you ask it of a mail-order house?

Because: If a merchant is willing to extend you credit, you should give him the benefit of your cash trade.

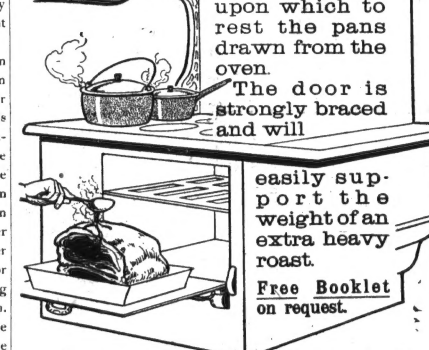
Because: Your home merchant pays local taxes and exerts every effort to build and better your market, thus increasing the value both of city and country property.

Because: The mail-order merchant does nothing for the benefit of markets or real estate values.

Because: The best citizens in your community patronize home industry. Why not be one of the best citizens?

Because: If you will give your home merchant an opportunity to compete by bringing your order to him, in the quantities you buy out of town, he will demonstrate that, quality considered, he will save you money.

Kootenay Steel Range



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The Richest men in the world are investing in British Columbia Copper-Gold and Silver Mines. Why can't you begin now? The greatest Gold-Copper discovery of the age is in British Columbia.

Big Four Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd. Capital - \$625,000
Every Dollar Subscribed used in Development of Mine.

Special Offer - 20¢ per Share, will shortly advance to \$1.00
Mines directly west of Le Roi and Le Roi No. 2, shares sold from 5 cents to \$100.00, and Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd., shares \$150.00 each, the Giant California, adjoining our own, shares about \$110.00, Granby Mine paid over \$3,000,000.00 Dividends per year. Gold-Copper mines in British Columbia paid large Dividends. Big Four assays from \$2.00 to \$800.00 in gold, copper, silver, with 30 per cent. in the treasury. Invest now and you won't regret it.

NOTE—Most of these mines sold for a few cents once, but over capitalized even now, pay big dividends. Big Four is on the railway, near smelters.

Roseland mines received Highest Awards for richest gold-copper ore sent to St. Louis Exposition. Big Four had best display at Dominion Fair, New Westminster, B. C.

No less than 100 shares sold for cash above this, shares can be had on the installment plan, on yearly contract, 10 per cent. cash, balance monthly. **Share Two Miles of Railway on Property.**

Company has no debts or liabilities. Send for Illustrated Prospectus and Booklet, "Mining Up-to-Date," to Secretary, with 5c in stamps.

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P. O. BOX 174, VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA.

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AND

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\$1.00

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There are many good newspaper clubbing offers made, but the offer The Advertiser is making is the very best we have ever seen. We are offering to give a great city weekly absolutely free for a whole year to every subscriber who pays for The Advertiser one year in advance at the regular subscription price of \$1 per year. This makes two weekly papers for the price of one.

Our many readers are well aware that The Advertiser is one of the leading country weeklies of Alberta, but all may not be so well acquainted with the Montreal Herald. Following are some of the features contained in one of the Herald's regular issues of the current year, and this is a fair sample of the average excellence of the paper:

Growing Times in the West—glimpses of the Canadian west.

History of England during the Last Half Century.

Serial Story—"The King of Diamonds."

Short stories by the world's greatest writers—

"This Animal of a Buldy Jones," by F. Norris.

"A Pass for the Theatre," by Ramsay Colles.

"A Strip of Red gingham."

Past and Present: Far and Near—A collection of interesting articles on many subjects.

"Sunday at Home" Department—good interesting reading matter for Sunday.

Families Famous in English History.

The week's news told in brief and interesting form.

Dominion news in brief.

Christie Carew's page for women.

Agricultural Department—Useful information for the farmer.

Market Reports carefully compiled from the leading Canadian grain and produce markets.

One piece of the latest sheet music.

Do not mistake the name of the paper we are offering in this Dollar combination: The Weekly Montreal Herald.

Send your \$ to The Advertiser office.

Benny's Fortune



"IT WAS BENNY WHO FOUND THE OLD MAN DEAD"

GREY, Benny's rich!" "Wonder what he's gonna do with it?"

"Gosh, he's lucky, but he deserves it."

These observations came from the various members of the "Bloody Robbers," as they gathered together in Warner's barn and talked of the old hermit, who had just died, and the large sum of money he had left to Benny.

In the first place, Benny was a queer sort of a fellow. He was a "Bloody Robber," which was in itself a sufficient honor for any one person, and he was a crack-jack of a baseball pitcher; but for all that, there were times when he liked to go off all by himself and get away from the rest of the fellows.

Benny, too, was just as bad one way as "Pecky" Rice was the other way. "Pecky" talked so fast and so often that you wondered how his lips could stand the strain, while Benny was mostly as solemn and glum as an owl, and had very little to say.

It was on one of his lonely expeditions to the mountain that Benny first met the hermit. South Mountain, you know, is just four miles from the town. Benny didn't mind a little tramp like this, and many a time he journeyed thither with his fishing tackle.

On this day he cut a pole, fastened on his line and quietly settled himself to fish on the banks of the clear stream that splashed down the mountain side.

Somewhat, he felt restless today, and when after a half hour had passed and there was not the sign of a nibble, he pocketed his line and trudged further up the mountain side.

An hour or so later he was exploring a part of the mountain which he had never before visited, when he came across a path. It was faint, it is true, but still it was a track of either man or beast.

Benny stood still for a moment. Could it possibly be a bear track? He had heard that bears were still to be found on South Mountain, although he had never seen one.

He determined to go on, at any rate. Cautiously looking about him, he silently continued on his way.

Soon the path grew more beaten. A little later he came suddenly upon a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a neat little cabin.

Benny walked up to the cabin. When quite close he saw, for the first time, that a man was sitting on a bench under the open window.

Although dressed very roughly, he was a refined-looking old man, and greeted the lad kindly.

Benny stopped to chat for a moment and to rest. The old man skillfully drew him out, and soon he was talking of his love for the mountains and the

fields, the animals and insects; his hopes and ambitions, as he had never done before.

"Any 'Bloody Robber' would have laughed him to scorn had he ventured to so talk of his aspirations to be a naturalist. But there was something in the old man's face that made him feel sure he would find sympathy. He seemed to understand so well.

Benny talked on and on without thinking of the time, until the lengthening shadows warned him to make haste toward home.

"Good-bye, sir," he said to the kindly old man. Then he hesitated. "Would you mind very much if I visited you again some time?" "I'll come alone, you know," he added hurriedly.

Seeing that the old man did not reply, he said in apology:

"You see, sir, we both like to be in the mountains. I don't mind a little tramp. He did not finish, for a pained look crossed the face of the old man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean to disturb you. Good-bye," and Benny hurried to go.

"Stay, my lad," said the old man, in his same kindly tone; "I shall be glad to have you come this way again. Perhaps I may be able to assist you in one or two little ways."

Benny said nothing to any one about the hermit, but he soon formed the habit of often climbing to the little cabin.

The two grew very fond of one another. Soon the hermit looked forward with as much pleasure to the visit as did Benny.

One day Benny once did talk of himself. That was one day when he was strangely reserved and quiet. As Benny was about to go he told him a story of how his only boy, whom he dearly loved, had died many years ago; so he had come here to be alone.

"And you look like him, my boy," he had concluded.

It was Benny himself who found the old man dead, as he called to pay his regular visit.

Grief and sadness almost overpowered him as he thought of losing this companion, his only one who had understood him. Even the news that the hermit had left him a large sum of money failed to cheer him.

It was arranged by his uncle and aunt, with whom he lived, that after finishing his school course he was to go to college, after which he could study the sciences in London.

After all, the hermit had been able to assist him in "one or two little ways."

"But who would have thought of Benny's having a 'rich' uncle?" reflected Skippy, while the rest of the gang gave their assent in awestruck tones.

OLD FABLES BROUGHT UP TO DATE



The Ox and the Frog.

THERE was once a frog, so the old fable tells us, who wished himself as big as an ox. He swelled and swelled until he burst.

Now, this is all a mistake, as it will straightway prove to you.

A frog once sat by the side of a rusty pool. (They always call pools rusty, you know.) But he didn't sit there very long, nor is he sitting there now.

For he heard a cow bawling near the pool. The frog looked up as he heard the wailing of her tail.

"Oh, to be big and grand like a cow!" he sighed again. "Then, just to keep in practice, he sighed again."

But sighing's as bad as crying over spilled milk. Besides, he had an idea; so away he hopped to find Mr. Bernard.

It so happened that the fox owned a bicycle. Why he should, I don't know, because you and I know that foxes can't ride.

"Bring out your bicycle pump," said the frog to the fox. And he said a few more things, too. I can't tell you what they were, as I didn't hear them.

"You won't, it is I who will be blowed," corrected the fox. "Very well, then," remarked the frog. Then he took the bicycle pump and began to pump the frog full of air.

The frog was swelling up finely until a mischievous boy came along and threw a rock at him. Said to relate it him, and he burst just like a paper bag.

Moral: Watch out for bad boys.

The Mouse and the Lion.

YOU all remember the story of the mouse, who was once spared by the lion, and who, in return for this kindness, gnawed the cords that bound the lion as he lay in a trap.

I should like to think that this mouse was so noble and grateful, but really, I know better. Indeed, very likely it was a different mouse altogether that gnawed the lion.

This is the true story: There was once a mouse (all true stories begin this way) who was a very hungry little mouse. Of course, most mice are never hungry.

And this little mouse wandered along the roadway. When I say "wandered," I mean just as he just ran.

After a while he smelt cheese. Most mice, you know, don't like cheese. This one, however, was different.

All at once he came upon a lion, who lay in a trap, bound round with ropes. The ropes of the trap had been placed, but a short time before the lion was caught, and before that had been used to rope together several big cheeses.

"Little mouse," said the lion, "don't you want to eat these ropes? They're all made of cheese. I won't hurt you."

So the mouse gnawed and gnawed. He gnawed that the ropes weren't made of cheese, as the lion had said. They did taste good, however, and were a nice way to gnaw.

At last the lion was free. He thought for a while as to whether or not he should eat the mouse, but the mouse snatched the question by diving head first down a hole.

Moral: Don't give mice in the house; they might come in handy in case you want a lion set free.

Donkey and the Sponges.

YOU've heard about the donkey and his load of sponges. Once, as he was crossing a stream with a load of salt, he slipped from the plank that served for a bridge, and you remember that a great deal of the salt was dissolved in the water and the load was made lighter. After that he "slipped" often into the stream, until the driver one day loaded the wagon with sponges. Again the donkey fell into the stream on purpose, but this time the load grew heavier instead of lighter, as the sponges became soaked.

Now, this is all right as far as it goes, but the fable never tells how the donkey afterward became revenged on his driver.

The story I'm about to tell will give you all this information. It will show you, also, that a donkey knows more than you'd think.

After the donkey was fooled with the load of sponges he became very careful. What right had the man to take advantage of him anyway? He would show him, perhaps not right away, but he would show him some time that no real donkey would stand for such bullying.

Before the driver to himself, "I have cured the donkey of this bad habit. You and I know that he hadn't cured the donkey, at all."

One day, however, the driver filled the wagon with bundles of cork to take to the next village. Here, in my chance, said the donkey to himself.

When he came to the stream he flung himself into the water, overtook the cork, and every bundle of cork floated away out of the poor man's reach.

Moral: Don't drive a donkey where there are streams.

The Quarrelling Pots.

THAT tale about the earthenware pot who picked a fight with the iron pot and was then smashed to bits, is mixed in a manner that's simply ridiculous.

The earthenware pot knew very well what he was about when he invited the iron pot to fight, and he didn't get the worst of the fight either. Perhaps you'd like to hear the truth of the matter.

"I'm in for a pretty hard tussle," said the earthenware pot to himself. "How ever, I can move twice as quickly as the heavy iron pot, and I should be able to keep out of the way."

So he did, dodging this way and that. The iron pot didn't touch him once. After awhile the earthenware pot drew the other after him, toward the open door. Suddenly he leaped aside as the iron pot leaped forward. There was a great banging and clanging as the iron pot rolled down the kitchen steps, then on down the grassy slope that led to the spring, where it sank to the bottom with a loud splash.

The cook heard the noise and hastened to the kitchen, but the iron pot had already disappeared.

Victory! The earthenware pot was victorious! "Not always the stronger you win."

It is said to believe that there should be many more of these fables. Whoever heard of foxes saving grapes for themselves? And why should a bird spend an hour dropping a pebble in a pitcher so that the little water at the bottom would rise to the top, when he could fly to water nearby and get a good drink.

No, sir, these are all wrong—wrong as the fable about the man and the boy who saw the train motor, won't you give them the true stories, won't you? Since we saw everything that happened?

CASTLES IN THE SAND



TO BUILD castles all day. Is not work, but just play. 'Course, the castles I mean On the sea sands are seen.

There are castles in air, That we build without care; Some are real, but, again, Others stand but in Spain."

Many castles one rears— Some stay hours, others years. But the ones built of sand I am sure are most grand.

Funny Glasses

"HURRAH! Hurrah! Going to grandpa's!"

Freddie capered around in gladness. You would have been as glad, too, had you heard so much about the fine old country mansion, and this was to be only your first visit.

It was a long way, but the ride was so nice that Freddie arrived there almost before he knew it.

The house was so big, with such a number of rooms, that he promised himself a treat going through all of them.

In the parlor Freddie received his first grandpa. Looking into a funny old mirror he saw his own face, only it seemed much bigger than usual.

"How big I'm growing!" he shouted with joy. Then you should have seen him strut about, as proud as a peacock.

But as he passed into the next room there stood before him another mirror. Could that be no, surely no, yes, it looked like his face. But it was so very small!

All at once Freddie grew dreadfully afraid. Running back through the rooms he found mother and threw himself into her lap.

"Mamma, oh, mamma!" he sobbed. "I got big then I got old, oh, little I'm sure there's witches here!"

Mother gently explained that it was all the fault of the mirror, and that it was a way a glass was made that made him look big or little, or just his right size.

"Then I'm not little like the boy I saw in the glass?" he asked, anxiously.

"No dear, you're my great, big man," said mother.

Freddie wasn't afraid of the queer glasses any more, but he never liked to stand before the little one.

Unknown Insect. A bishop travelling through the wilds of Canada stopped at a log cabin. He was greeted with the boy he found within.

"Are there any Epicureans about here?" he asked.

"Can't say, exactly," replied the boy. "The men killed something in the cabin before the little one."

Teacher—"Topsy, give me some proverb about 'bumps'."

Teacher—"Yes, go on."

Teacher—"The early bird catches no worms."

A Strange Mistake

"EDITH, dear, I know that you'll give yourself better than ever before in your life. Your Aunt Esther will be so charmed."

With these words her mother kissed her and a moment later the train motor whirled, bearing Edith alone on her journey.

All the way to Greenville she beguiled her time thinking of the good times she would have among her aunt and cousins, none of whom she had ever seen.

The train drew up at the station and Edith leaped out. To her surprise she found a tattered-looking farmer standing there.

"You're the little Aunt Esther expecting?" he asked, without seeming in the least interested.

Upon Edith's reply that she was the person expected, he muttered, "Come along, then."

She was stowed in a ramshackle old spring wagon in which they bumped along over country roads for a mile or more.

Then the wagon drew up before a tumble-down old house. Little more than a shanty. "Here you are," said the man.

Edith stood in the doorway, too surprised to speak or move.

"Well, ain't ye goin' to say howdy?" she asked. "Here you are, said the man, who came forward, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Are you Aunt Esther?" Edith finally managed to gasp.

"That's who I be. Ye'd better take 'all those cluttered things off and put on somethin' ye kin wear. Will ye have a bite to eat?"

Not knowing what to do, Edith stood, not far from tears, when a young man burst hurriedly in upon them.

"That's the little Aunt Esther—Mrs. Cousin Robert—sorry, awfully sorry—though it was a later train, you know!"—all this in one breath.

Edith and her friends still laugh over the two girls who arrived in Greenville on a certain day, each of whom had an Aunt Esther, and how one girl visited the wrong house.

Missed Connections. A lady stood at the railway station, waiting for her train. Beside her was a little 3-year-old daughter.

Presently a locomotive, with its tender, dashed by.

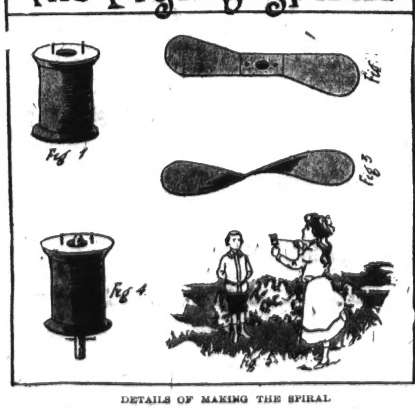
"Oh, look, mamma!" cried the little one. "The engine has missed its train, too."

The Truth. Willie—Do people ever get punished for telling the truth?

Mother—No, Willie.

Willie—Then I'd like to tell you that I'm as far from Jean from the pantry yesterday.

The Flying Spiral



DETAILS OF MAKING THE SPIRAL

In one end of a spoon or tebbie draw two little nails without heads. See that each is the same distance from the hole and directly opposite each other.

Cut out a piece of cardboard, using Figure 1 as a model. Make the three holes in the middle to correspond exactly to the hole in the spoon and the two nails.

Twist the piece of cardboard all the way round, as shown in Figure 2.

Thrust through the spiral a smooth stick. Have it in such a position that the cardboard spiral will rest firmly on its head and the tops of the nails.

Thrust a pin through the stick just above the spoon.

When you spin the spiral by means of a stick, the spiral will revolve rapidly, and the stick will revolve through the air for quite a distance.

More Than a Match

NEAR a quiet English town there lived a farmer who was tremendously strong. The fame of his exploits gradually spread over all England. But the farmer cared nothing for his reputation as a strong man, and would far rather have been left alone.

In another part of England was a man who claimed to be the champion strong man of the United Kingdom. Hearing of the farmer, he decided to challenge him to a contest of strength.

The farmer was plowing in the field when the champion strong man rode up.

"Sir," said the champion, "I am told that in you I have a rival. Will you have a trial with me?"

Without a word, the farmer picked up his visitor and threw him bodily over the hedge, without apparent effort.

Stunned and amazed, the champion slowly arose. He did not care to test the strength of the farmer further. He had just had abundant proof of it.

The farmer, in the meantime, had gone quietly on with his plowing. After a while he looked up, and, seeing the champion still there, demanded: "Well, what else do you want?"

"How can I get home without my horse?" asked the champion humbly. Holding the horse, the farmer threw it over the hedge as he had his master.

"Perhaps you'll leave me alone now," murmured he.

The other rode away, acknowledging himself completely beaten.

Cure for Idleness

"I DO FEEL so tired," murmured Mabel; "I just don't know what to do with myself."

"Did you ever hear of the rajah who was even more bored than you?" asked her mother.

"No; do tell me about it," pleaded Mabel.

"I will," replied her mother. "Once upon a time there was a certain rajah, who was tired of himself, the people about him and, indeed, everything."

"Send me some one to cure me of this indolence," demanded the rajah.

"No three magicians—one of the stars, one of the water and the other of the earth—appeared before him. The magician of the stars brought with him a company of jugglers. But even their antics failed to amuse the rajah.

"Then the magician of the sea appeared with a band of musicians. Even their sweet music could not soothe his malady."

"Suddenly, the last magician came. 'Follow me!' cried he to the rajah, and immediately he disappeared."

"The rajah and his royal suite set out in swift pursuit. After some hours they came upon the magician hard at work plowing."

"Do thou likewise," said he. "It was not long before the rajah forgot to feel bored, for his mind was fully occupied."

Mabel interpreted her. "I see now, mother, and I'll try to make myself busy, so as not to feel tired of myself."

Work for an Oculist. Oculist—Well, sonny, what can I do for you?

Boy—Got a syctoth needs pulling.



PIPE MAJOR ANGUS FRASER
With the "Kilties."

The "Kilties," known to fame as Canada's greatest concert band, will appear at Day's opera house, Lacombe, on Tuesday, October 29, afternoon and evening. This is the first visit of this famous organization to Lacombe.

The "Kilties," apart from the regular concert band, carry with them a vocal choir, a number of soloists and a troupe of Scotch pipers and dancers, headed by Mr. Angus McMillan Fraser, champion piper and dancer of America.

Mr. Fraser has been with the band during the past two seasons, with the exception of two weeks spent at his home in Montreal, during which time he was preparing for a competition in which he had entered in defense of the Cochrane cup, which trophy he had won on three former occasions.

The Cochrane cup, given to the best all-round Highland dancer and piper, has been competed for annually for the past six years, being first won by Mr. Johnstone of Montreal; second by Mr. Fraser; third by Johnstone, and the last three times by Fraser.

In the contest, which was held in Montreal on Aug. 24th of this year, Mr. Fraser not only won the cup, but took first prize for the Highland fling, sword dance, shen trews and sailor's hornpipe, first prize for dress and second for bag-piping.

The winning of the cup this year brings it into his permanent possession, and announces him as champion piper and dancer of America.

U. S. Expects War With Japan.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Preparations for a hostile emergency in the Pacific is occupying the time of military and naval authorities to such an extent that all other work has been suspended in some branches of the two services. The war fever is spreading through the personnel of the army and the navy. Many officers are now aware of the circumstances which led to the decision to send the battleship fleet to the Pacific, and with their eyes opened in that respect, they are watching the trend of events with absorbing interest.

The idea that war is coming is apparently fixed in the minds of some of those having superior means of obtaining information as to the Government's attitude. Others, while deprecating the talk of war and inclined to the belief that there will be no conflict, contend, however, that the preparations now under way are justified by the situation as they understood it, and commend President Roosevelt for what they regard as admirable foresight on his part.

Under orders from the Navy Department, the entire working force at navy yards on the Atlantic coast is being employed in making ready the vessels of the battleship fleet for the so-called practice cruise to the Pacific. Every class of labor that can be utilized in getting the fleet into condition for its long voyage has been withdrawn from its usual duties at the yards and put to work on the ships.

The authorities of the Army Signal Corps are devoting themselves exclusively to arrangements for the installation of electric line control apparatus in the fortifications of San Diego Bay, the new naval station established in the Philippines. The work is being conducted to the detriment of other projects, but the orders to complete it, which are understood to have come directly from President Roosevelt, are imperative.

The New Adelphi.

The new Adelphi Hotel, A. T. Inskip's handsome three story structure, built of concrete blocks, was opened on Monday of this week, though much finishing work yet remains to be done. This work is being rushed as rapidly as possible however.

The ground floor is occupied by the large office, large dining room, well arranged and commodious kitchen and pantries, finely furnished barroom, three sample rooms, etc. The office room is being handsomely finished and will have a floor. The dining room will also be a model one.

The second floor is given over to sleeping apartments with the exception of parlor and a conveniently arranged banquet room. The third floor is all bedrooms. There are in all thirty-five large, light and airy bedrooms.

The building will be heated by steam. The boilers and other fixtures are now being installed in the basement. It will be lighted by electricity and there will be a system of electric call bells and alarms throughout.

There will be the most modern lavatory and closet arrangements, connected with a septic tank.

This fine hotel building was planned by Architect T. Clark King, who has had full supervision of the construction.

The Adelphi is the first new building to be occupied in the block destroyed by the big fire of September 8th 1906, and it is certainly a credit to the town.

Hockey Meeting.

A meeting of those interested in amateur hockey was held in the park on the evening of October 15. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President, Rev. H. E. Gordon.

President and Manager, H. M. Trimble.

Vice President, Dr. Gilmour. Secretary-Treasurer, Jas. Gourlay.

Captain, Del. Garland.

After thorough discussion of the question it was decided to play strictly amateur hockey this winter, the team to be composed entirely of local men. The secretary was instructed to correspond with other central Alberta towns regarding the forming of a strictly amateur hockey league.

We learn that the secretary has received encouraging replies from some of the neighboring towns, so that the outlook for the coming season's sport is bright.

Owing to pressure of business matters Mr. Trimble has found it necessary to decline the honor of acting as president and a meeting has called for Friday evening to choose another man in his place.

The Advertiser is glad to see this move made for local team and amateur hockey. The tendency of the times to drift into professional and semi-professional athletics is greatly to be deplored. It will certainly give better satisfaction and increase interest in the game to have the teams strictly amateur and purely local. We are in full sympathy with the movement.

Morningside

The harvesting at Morningside and suburbs is well under way and mostly waiting for Messrs. Threshers.

Thanks to the disposer of good

things, the crops here have not suffered so much as was formerly thought from frost, and considerable grain which was cut for feed is after all going to prove profitable threshing.

The potato crop is particularly good, and decidedly above expectations.

The enterprising among us is now beginning to move, and steps are being taken to erect a Farmers Creamery. All speed to the movement of long standing need.

SEER.

Medicine Valley.

R. F. Benjamin and Miss Benjamin were in Lacombe the first of the week.

D. F. Ames was in Lacombe on business the first of this week.

Owing to the unfavorable season crops here are somewhat short, same as elsewhere.

The new school house in the Benjamin school district is now completed, and it is a fine building. School will probably open after the Christmas holidays, as it is expected to have the furniture in by that time.

HOOT MON! THE KILTIES ARE COMIN'.

It will certainly be welcome news to Lacombe and vicinity, that arrangements have been completed to have "The Kilties," Canada's greatest concert band, stop off at Lacombe for two grand concerts on Tuesday afternoon and night, Oct. 29. There is probably no large band in the world that enjoys the popularity of "The Kilties." They have travelled over 800,000 miles in Canada, the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Mexico, and everywhere they have been received with genuine enthusiasm.

While in Europe they twice by special command appeared before The King, both at Balmoral castle and at Sandringham and were each time signally honored and decorated by His Majesty. So popular has proven this famous and picturesque Canadian organization, that at the Crystal Palace, London, they played one day to 170,000 people. At the White City, Chicago, U. S. A. one day 130,000 people passed through the gates to hear and see the lads in Kilts. At Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, U. S. A. in one day 160,000 people crowded to "The Kilties" concert. Figures which surely show, that every Canadian may be proud of this splendid organization.

Besides a first-class band concert, "The Kilties" have features that no other like organization can boast. They carry a choir of twelve trained voices that sing the old favorite songs so dear to every and especially Scotch heart like "Annie Laurie," "Comin' Through the Rhye," "Scots Wha Hae," "Loch Lomond," "Kathleen Ma-vourneen," etc. Then there are five stalwart Scotch army pipers who are as a breeze from Auld Scotia itself. And the troupe of five Highland dancers, said to be the most expert, most elaborately costumed and altogether the finest troupe of Highland dancers ever put before the public, transfer the audience in spirit to Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales with their performance of the Scotch Reel, the Highland Fling, the

Shoen Trews, the Sword dance, and the Sailors Hornpipe.

There is no doubt that "The Kilties" are the largest and best attraction that has ever visited these parts and it is safe to say, that standing room will be at a premium when the lads in Kilt and Tartan and King's scarlet and Glenngary, with music and song and pipes and dance come to town to remind us of the Maple Leaf and of the land of "Annie Laurie" and "Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee." Tickets for "The Kilties" will be placed on sale at Mc Dermid's Drug Store.

Wolf Bounty Regulations.

The following extract from regulations for the issue and payment of bounties for the destruction of wolves in the Province of Alberta, north of Township 26 and south of the 56th Parallel of Latitude, has been framed by order-in-council:

1. For the purpose of these regulations the term, "prairie wolf" shall mean the coyote or brush wolf:

"Timber wolf" shall mean the large wolf known as the gray wolf and "wolf pup" shall mean the immature young of the prairie or timber wolf up to the first of August in any year.

2. The bounty upon prairie wolves shall be one dollar per head.

3. The bounty upon timber wolves shall be five dollars per head.

4. The bounty upon wolf pups shall be one dollar per head.

5. For the purpose of these rules and regulations the stock inspectors appointed under the provisions of "The Stock Inspection Ordinance" shall be wolf bounty inspectors.

6. The pelt, including the head of each wolf upon which bounty is claimed must be produced intact to the inspector by the person claiming the bounty. Every person applying for bounty shall furnish the inspector with an affidavit to the effect that the animal upon which bounty is claimed has been killed inside the Province north of township 26 and south of 56th parallel of latitude.

7. Upon the production to him of the pelt of any wolf the inspector shall split both ears from tip to base.

8. No bounty shall be paid under these regulations on any wolf killed prior to the first day of July 1907.

GEORGE HARCOURT,
Deputy Minister.

Parliament Will Meet Nov. 28.

Ottawa, Oct. 21.—Dominion parliament has been summoned for the dispatch of business on November 28th. Proclamation to this effect in a special Canadian Gazette will be issued today. The session promises to be a long one. It will be the fourth session of the tenth parliament of the Dominion and the life of a parliament is generally four years, although it can last for five.

Hospital Fund.

Lacombe, Oct. 17.
Mrs. Thos. Jackson \$1.00
Total of Oct. 10 \$857.25
Total cash on hand \$888.25
Amount paid for hospital after \$11.50
Total contributions to date \$1199.75

Contributions to Hospital Fund Bazaar.

Children's pianoforte, Miss Lord. Knitted mitts, Nettie McWilliam.

Talbot Chosen A. L. A. President.

At the convention of the Alberta Liberal Association held in Calgary this week Senator Talbot of Lacombe was elected president.

D. CAMERON

Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher

In the Lundy Real Estate building,
next to Merchants Bank,
Lacombe.

Hoot Mon! The Kilties are Comin'

Canada's Greatest Concert Band.

Twice Commanded by His Majesty
King Edward VII.

Over 300,000 miles of Travel—

The Grandest Musical Organization in the World

Bandsmen, Male Choir, Scotch Pipers,
Highland Dancers.

All in Full Kilted Regimentals of Gordon Highlanders

Two Grand Concerts: Matinee and Night Tuesday, Oct. 29th

Tickets on sale one week in advance at
Fulsher's Drug Store. Reserve early!

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness—nothing more. Few, if any, are weak hearted in a hundred to be actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden thing little more than a heart that is not strong enough to carry the load of the body. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—strengthens itself, and the more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength it has, the more the heart must continue to fall, and the stomach and kidneys also have their own controlling nerve.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, debilitating, suffocating heart disease. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this singular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and ailing nerve centers. It builds up the heart, it gives the heart the strength it needs, it gives the heart the strength it needs—this is the only medicine that can do this.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"ALL DEALERS"

NOTICE
The balance of my stock of Rubbers and Mitts will be sold at half price. This is no fire sale; just closing out, and if you do not think it is so come in and see.

Gust Halberg
The Shoe Man,
Railway street

\$10 REWARD!

STRAYED from the south-west quarter of 22-40-28 W. 4, about August 1st. One cayuse mare about 9 years old, grey, weight about 700, right hind foot white to fetlock, white spot in forehead, saddle marks on back, no visible brand. One yearling sorrel filly, with white spot in face, no visible brand. \$10 reward will be paid for information that will lead to their recovery.

J. F. MILLAR, Bentley.

SUFFOLK PUNCHES

Messrs. Jacques Bros., of Lamerton P. O., Alberta, Importers and Breeders. Stallions for sale.

Auger & Shute now have their dental parlors established upstairs in the Fraser Block, just over their old location.

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents, large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm.
An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.
For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.

FOR SALE.

8 horse power gasoline engine, chopper and wood saw all complete. All in first class condition. Will be sold very cheap. Enquire at The Advertiser office.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. H. E. Gordon B. A. Pastor: public service, every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; every Sabbath evening 7 o'clock. Sabbath School and Bible Class every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. Epworth League Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Junior Epworth League Monday afternoon at 4:30. Public prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers and visitors are extended a special welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Christian Endeavor every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Pastor Rev. M. White, M-A. B.D.

ST. CYPRIAN'S CHURCH.

Sunday services, 11 a. m., 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month, 11 a. m. Sunday school, 9 p. m. Service Wednesday, 8 p. m.—Rev. R. A. Robinson.